

THE ENTERPRISE

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If there is only one unpardonable sin it must be insincerity.

In one way a bad habit is like a bill collector. It is hard to get away from.

The best way to punish the brigands will be to cut off their missionary supply.

He is a wise father who knows his own child was as much at fault as the other man's.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

It is probably safe to say that no titled European will be able to marry Hetty Green for her money.

In order to be at her silver wedding anniversary a woman is willing to admit that she isn't as young as she used to be.

"Ping to me only with thine eyes, and I will pong with mine." That's the way they are playing the game over in Lunnon.

An esteemed contemporary says that any attempt to run down Niagara Falls is less majestic in this country. More often it's suicide.

An editor wants to know what would happen if Prince Henry and Admiral Evans should ever meet in battle. We give it up. What's the answer?

"Is the press degenerating?" asks the Literary Digest. We think not. The reputable press seems to be holding its own, and the yellows cannot degenerate.

All the pulpit and platform eloquence in the world doesn't make as much for good government as a little wholesome activity before and at the primaries.

Under The Hague treaty prisoners of war may be employed by the state capturing them. History may contain the thrilling deed: "The old guard dies, but never works."

Sir Henry Irving has launched the keenest criticism against the Baconian theory and it can be put in a sentence. He says that it took an actor to write Shakespeare's plays and that no mere poet or philosopher could have done it.

The indications are that Uncle Sam's door will not "swing inward" on its hinges as readily in the future as it has in the past. In order to be admitted the immigrant will have to give the password, "Fitted for good citizenship."

President Eliot of Harvard in his address conferring the degree of doctor of laws on Prince Henry spoke of the "venerable American union" and the "young German empire," and thus wisely called attention to a fact hitherto unrecognized in Europe, that the American republic is not on trial, but has proven itself worthy to live by 125 years of glorious history in war and peace.

A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This means, literally, "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fate with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday could so write as to be "understood of the people," and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and inexact thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.

Bishop Potter says that when he has been traveling in Europe or visiting public places he has never heard a loud or harsh voice raised above the tone of others around him without turning with a shudder of apprehension to find if the voice were that of a fellow countryman. Are Americans in so much haste that they do not take time to modulate their voices? That conclusion is more probable than that the air of freedom is not favorable to an agreeable utterance. A man is known by the voice he keeps. Identification is just as practicable when a woman speaks. In the cultivation of good manners the vocal chords must not be forgotten.

What's the use of crowding, anyway? There's no need of anyone being jostled off the map. There's plenty of room. When the crowd begins to push and shove and the struggle for standing room grows strenuous and the strife for dollars becomes too fierce just step over into Labrador. This is an age of expansion. If there isn't room enough for you to expand in our new insular possessions Labrador, with its vast expanse of unoccupied territory, holds out its icy arms to you and says, "Come." The census returns for 1901 show a total population for Labrador of 3,634, which indicates a falling off of 472 from the returns of the preceding census. As Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles it will be seen that there is plenty of room for the ambitious young man to grow up and expand with the country. In fact, there is more room in Labrador than there was in 1891, for 472 persons have

moved out. It is difficult to account for this decline in population. Labrador has plenty of space and a bracing atmosphere. Its cold storage facilities are unsurpassed except in Greenland and in the office of Russell Sage. The people who are cramped and crowded and who clamor for more room should cast their eye toward Labrador.

Again comes the old question, "What is the good of money if it will not buy the things that one desires?" A wealthy lady of Chicago has more money than she can possibly use. She can draw a big check as easily as most persons can spend a nickel. But the thing she wanted was a child, a laughing, rosy-cheeked cherub, to put both arms around her neck and make her realize the real, deep meaning of love; to round out her life and make her happy. So she looked around and found a bit of a boy, who had captured sunshine tangled in his hair and love in his blue eyes, a brave mouth and a sturdy little figure. He was one of seven children, and he didn't know that his mother, a widow, was wearing out her life to provide food for the seven. The rich lady borrowed the boy for a time and carried him away to fairyland. She bought fine clothing for him, toys enough to stock a store, and loved him, too. She had a great artist paint the child's portrait, and she discovered that it was going to be very hard to return this human blossom. One day she called on his mother and offered \$5,000 for him. "I'll adopt him. I love him. You have so many, and I have none," she ventured. And the widow looked over her flock and said: "I can't spare one; no, not for a million dollars," and she drew her baby to her heart. The good wife of a New York garment trimmer presented him with triplets. It raised his family census to nine. At the very best the father can earn \$12 a week. That is a situation that would drive some men to suicide. But he said: "I'm glad they came. God has blessed me with them, and we will get along somehow. I haven't one too many." Child-love dwarfs every other human passion. It makes men and women carry heavy burdens without a murmur; it makes them accept self-denial patiently, and glorifies lives. There is scarcely a home in the land, no matter how great its poverty, where, for mere money, a man or woman would part with even one of a little flock, and the reason is human love for its own blood.

Hitherto, when the time has come around for taking the national census, the entire force engaged in the work, from the director down to the humblest clerk, has been assembled at short notice. Few of the many thousands employed have had previous training or experience in the peculiar duties of a census. When the work was done the force was disbanded, leaving only printed reports to enable the next corps of workers to profit by its knowledge and to avoid its errors. This method is so wasteful that repeated efforts have been made to establish a permanent census service, which should carry along some branches of statistical investigation in the intervals between censuses, and be capable of expansion for the full census work when the decennial year arrived. This suggestion was made before the eleventh census was taken, but without result. The proposition was renewed before the twelfth census was taken, and a bill embodying it passed the House, but failed in the Senate. The bill upon which both houses of Congress have now agreed, although it is open to criticism from the civil service reform point of view in its provisions for covering present employees into the classified service, is highly commendable in its main purpose. The bill confines the decennial work of the bureau to the subjects of population, agriculture, vital statistics and manufactures, and leaves the other subjects now covered by the census, and some new ones, to be dealt with more deliberately by the smaller permanent force. The new system will make it possible to broaden the census inquiries without increased expense or delay in the publication of results. A permanent census bureau can co-operate with States and local officers, and can open up new fields of study. The next enumeration will be more difficult than previous ones, because it will include the insular possessions of the United States. It will be a great gain to enter upon that work with an already organized bureau, directed and largely manned by experts, instead of committing it to an improvised force.

Biggest Railroad Station.
The city of St. Louis now possesses the distinction of having the largest railway station in the United States. It is 630 feet long and 600 feet wide, and has thirty tracks, enough to handle ten incoming and ten outgoing trains simultaneously. It is known as the Union Station, and the territory owned by the company operating it covers twenty-seven acres.

The city of Boston has the next to the largest station for passenger service in the country. The Union Station in Boston, on the north side, has a length of 500 feet, a width of 490 feet and twenty-three tracks.

Both of these huge stations are to be surpassed by the new Southern Union Station in Boston, upon which work was begun in January, 1897, and which is now nearing completion. It is designed to be the biggest railroad station in the United States. The walls are built, the steelwork is all in place, and the material is on the ground for the completion of the structure.—The Ledger Monthly.

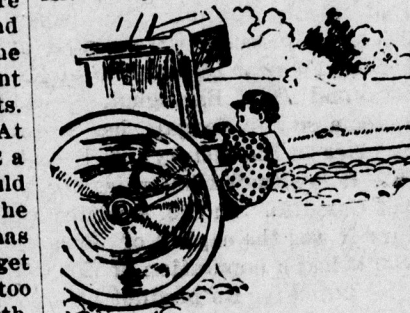
The fare on the Congo railroad for 250 miles is \$100, or 40 cents a mile.

Children's Corner

A Proper Art.

Every girl should be taught to darn, with all the dainty stitches of the art. There should be instilled into her a sense of the disgrace of wearing a stocking with even a broken thread, while a darn well put in has a homelike, respectable look that in no way deteriorates from the value of a good stocking. Darning is a lady's occupation, akin to embroidery in deftness and gentleness of touch. It requires skill and judgment to select the thread, which should be but a trifle coarser than the web of the stocking, or, in case of cloth, than the thread of the goods. Where a cloth may be easily raveled, it is better to darn it with the ravellings, unless it is in a place where more than ordinary strain comes on the goods. Thick cloth should be darned between the layers, and when done by a skillful hand and well pressed, the work becomes practically invisible. A darning case, fitted out with a pretty olive-wood egg to hold under the stocking, a long, narrow cushion of darning needles, cards of various colored wools and cottons, and all the necessities for the complete outfit of a darning, is a useful present for a girl, and one that she should be instructed to use faithfully.—Central Presbyterian.

The Story of Willie Wouldn't Mind.



This is Willie Wouldn't Mind. See him hanging on behind That big wagon passing by; Hoy they fly!



Look! the wagon gives a bump, And big boxes fall, thump, thump On poor Willie's curly head; Is he dead?



Well, a doctor going by Took poor Willie home to die; And his parents cry and cry! My oh my!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Donald's Vacation.
"Donald! Donald! Donald!" Mrs. Turner stood in the hall a moment, and then, with a queer little smile on her face, turned and went out on the side veranda. A white-bearded, jolly-faced old man looked up expectantly as she came out. They talked a few minutes in low tones.

"I expect you're right," the old man said. "He probably needs the lesson." The smile gone from his face, he took up the lines and drove the fat white horse out of the yard. Mrs. Turner went back to her baking. Upstairs in his bedroom Donald was making a kite. It was the first day of the Easter vacation, and he intended to have it ready should he want to fly it. He had just finished the frame when he heard his mother's first call. "She just wants me to bring in an armful of wood," he said to himself. "Sarah can do it just as well's not. 'Sides, I've got to keep at it if I ever get it done. Shouldn't wonder if the wind'd come up so's we fellows can fly 'em this afternoon," and he spread out the stiff paper and prepared to cut it out.

Donald had got into a bad habit of not starting as soon as he was told to do a thing, and sometimes of not answering when called, but he was not disturbed again.

An hour later he went downstairs after a drink of water.

"I am sorry you didn't hear me call, Donald," said his mother. "Grandpa was here, and wanted you to go out to Uncle Charlie's with him to stay the rest of the week. Uncle Charlie tapped his sugar bush Saturday, and he thought you would enjoy spending your whole vacation out on the farm."

"O, mamma, why didn't you call—" and then he stopped. He remembered. She had called. "I didn't s'pose you wanted anything much," he wailed. "Oh, oh, oh!"

That night Mamma Turner had a long talk with him, but nevertheless it was a very sorry faced little boy who got up Tuesday morning.

Wednesday morning Mamma Turner told him he must not let his mistake

spoil his whole week's vacation, and finally he went off upstairs to finish the kite. He had worked half an hour, perhaps, when he heard his mother in the hall below.

"Donald!" she cried. Donald waited no second call. His lesson had been bitter, and now he started at once.

"What is it, mamma?" he asked from over the banisters.

"Grandpa is here," said Mamma Turner. "He had to come in for new buckets, and he would like to know if you care—" but Donald waited no longer. He was downstairs and out on the porch in a twinkling.

"Here, young man, get your rubber boots and your old clothes," said grandpa, laughing. "We want a hired man about your size to help in the sugar bush—that is, if his hearing is good," he added, his eyes twinkling; and mamma assured him that Donald's had improved since Monday.—Youth's Companion.

Mosquitoes Hear Sound.

Major Ronald Ross writes to the British Medical Journal that he has recently received a communication from Mr. Brennan of the public works department, Jamaica, containing the following observation: "You will pardon me for drawing your attention to the fact, if you have not already noticed it, that the mosquitoes (I do not know if every variety) will respond to such sounds as a continuous whoop or hum. I have tried the experience lately, and find swarms gather round my head when I make a continuous whoop. There may be, however, some particular note or pitch that would be more attractive to them."

Laughing Plants.

Have you ever heard of the laughing plant? It gets its name from the intoxicating property of its seed. It grows in Arabia, a bush of moderate size with yellow flowers, each producing a pod of black beans, which are ground and the powder taken. Its effect is that of "laughing gas," causing the very soberest man to caper, laugh and shout for nearly an hour until he is thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep. On awaking he seems to have no recollection of his previous antics. This frivolous plant has not yet been classified by botanists.

LARGEST OF PEACH FARMS.

Located in Missouri, It Produces Thousands of Bushels Annually.

To be convinced that "Peach King" McNair deserves the title one need only visit his great farm at St. Elmo, Mo., and take a look at the preparations that have been made to handle the peach crop. New buildings have been erected, tents put up and packing sheds built all over the vast orchards. At St. Elmo, two miles below Koshkonong, the headquarters of Mr. McNair have been established. This is right in the center of his immense orchard of 1,900 acres, all planted in peaches. To handle the fruit Mr. McNair will need about 800 hands, and he will pay 7 cents per hour for men and 6 cents an hour for women, with their meals and lodgings thrown in. Superintendents and foremen will receive more pay. About fifty expert packers will be imported and they will see that the peaches are properly packed.

A large tent around which numerous small tents are pitched will be the quarters for the women. A barbed wire fence sixteen feet high, with the wires only a few inches apart, has been erected around the women's headquarters. Mr. McNair certainly isn't going to allow any love-making around his camp. The men will be quartered in the barracks which were used last year and which have been enlarged. Bunks several tiers high have been put in the barracks in order that the men can be accommodated. A big tent with several long tables placed inside will be used as an eating-house. Every seat at each table will be numbered, and the men and women will each have a number, so that they can find their respective places at the tables. Thirty cooks will provide the food necessary for this large army of fruit handlers.

Exactly seventy-five double-decked wagons have been provided for hauling the fruit from the trees to the packing-house at St. Elmo. Ten thousand picking baskets are already at the farm, together with material enough for 200 cars of peaches. Mr. McNair has bought most all of the peach crop in Koshkonong. He expects to ship from ten to twenty cars of fruit each day until the season is over.

Worthy of the Best.

A story is told of one of the old-time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded did so without reserve. From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't consistent," said one economical brother, reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon, grimly, "if we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second-rate running gear."—Youth's Companion.

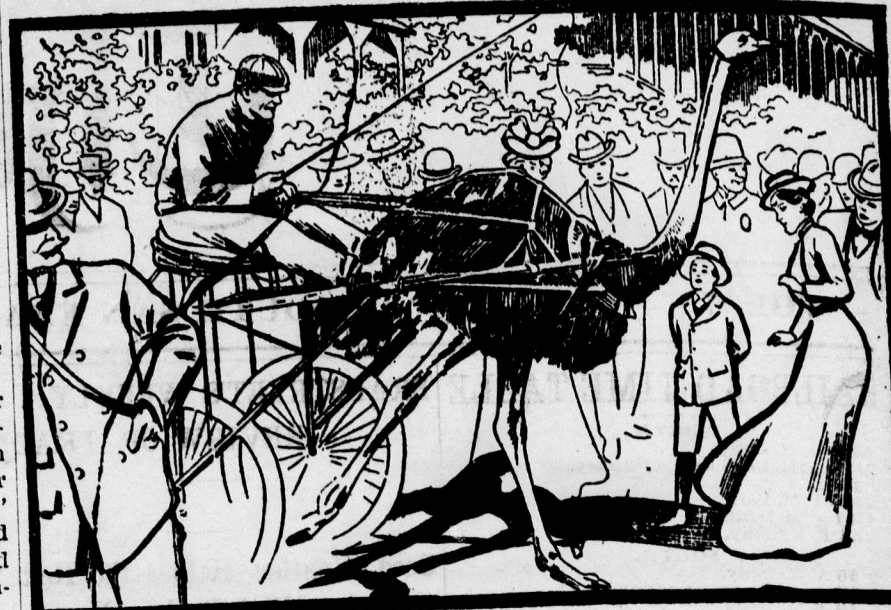
Financial Plans.

Osmond—"You always pay as you go, don't you?"

Desmond—"No, indeed; I pay as other people come after me.—Detroit Free Press.

Never tell a man that he has made a fool of himself. If he knows it he will get angry—and he will get angry also if he doesn't know it.

OSTRICH DRIVEN TO SULKY.

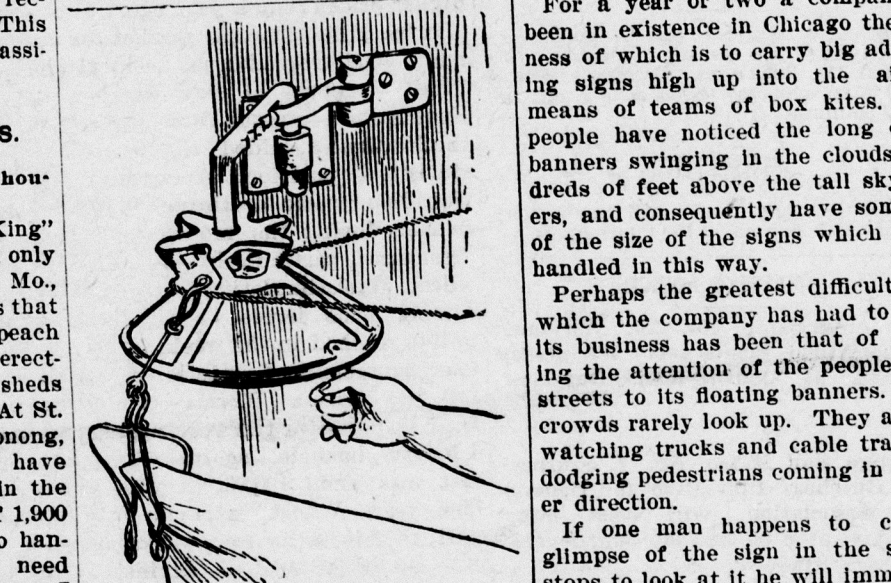


Ostriches can travel at great speed. This has long been known, and the day may not be far distant when ostriches will be seen in all large cities drawing sulkies and other light vehicles. The ostrich shown in this picture was trained in Florida and proved from the start very docile and intelligent. When he was backed between the shafts of a carriage he did not "buck" or kick, as many a backed horse is apt to do, but stood stolidly, as though his ancestors for generations had been obedient to the bit and bridle. After he was harnessed it took a good while to impress on his mind the fact that he would not be allowed to speed as fast over country roads and streets as he would naturally do in a desert, but even this he learned in time, and now it is said this wonderful bird is fully trained and can draw a sulkie for many miles at an extraordinary speed.

The achievement of this ostrich is of unusual interest to owners of ostrich farms, and some of them are preparing to train several of their young birds as this ostrich was trained. They argue that a race between ostriches, harnessed to sulkies, would be a most novel sight, and in view of the great speed of the birds, that such a sport would certainly become popular.

ROTARY CLOTHESLINE HANGER.

The illustration shows a new form of pulley for use with endless clotheslines, the invention of Fred Wright, of Coldwater, Mich. With the ordinary pulley it is only possible to use half the line, and in taking in the clothes no discrimination can be made in favor of those garments which dry more rapidly than others, but each must be removed in its turn. With the new pulley any number of garments may be passed over and only the drier ones selected, and that, too, without fear of



PERMITS USE OF THE ENTIRE LINE.

soling the clothes in their passage around the pulleys, as, with the aid of the new hanger and pin which forms part of the invention, the clothes do not come in contact with either the pulley or the rope.

In hanging out the clothes the entire length of the line may be used, and by the time the last of the wash is attached to the line the clothes first hung out are coming down the "home stretch" ready for the ironing. Another feature is the line tightener, which is also shown in the picture, consisting of a pivoted tongue meshing in notches in the side of the swinging arm which supports the pulley.

FALLACY ABOUT EYES OF DEAD.

The Retina Does Not Retain the Image Last Seen.

Wonderful as many of its achievements, science is often distinctly disappointing. Charles Dickens was never reconciled to the scientific dictum that the spontaneous combustion of the rum-soaked Mr. Krook was impossible. To the day of his death the great novelist doubted the thoroughness of scientists.

The coroner of Rochester, N. Y., is keenly disappointed over the failure of science to photograph from the retina of a murdered jeweler the image of the murderer, who must have been the last person to make an impression on the retina. Mr. Linkering, a photographer of thirty-five years' experience, was employed to do the work with powerful magnifying glasses, but all that could be made out was a small elongated blot. The coroner had counted positively on conclusive evidence as to the identity of the murderer.

The popular fallacy that the retina, or sensitive inner surface of the eyeball, of a dead person will retain an image of the object on which the vision was last directed is of ancient origin, and it has persisted in spite of the positive statement of scientists that the thing is impossible. Although no image ever has been found in a dead person's eye, story tellers refuse to relinquish so valuable a scheme for the detection of fictional murderers. Even Kipling, with all his originality, finds use for it in the story of an English officer's suicide in India. The officer had seemed to be troubled by the vision of some horror, and when he was found dead a doctor took a kodak, and, without the use of a microscopic lens, obtained a negative of the retina. On this he saw the unspeakable horror.

It is easy to understand that the fallacy had its birth in the fact that the eye is fitted with a lens, and that the image of an object is impressed on the retina. The mistake is in assuming

ing that in case of sudden death the impression does not vanish. The eye has been used as a photographic camera, says the Philadelphia Record, and by the application of potash alum the retina has been made to hold an image. Unfortunately for perplexed coroners, however, nature does not treat the eye with potash alum, and the image of the murdered soon disappears from the retina of his victim.

CHICAGO RUBBER-NECKS.

The Sandwich Man's New Professional Rival.

For a year or two a company has been in existence in Chicago the business of which is to carry big advertising signs high up into the air by means of teams of box kites. Most people have noticed the long canvas banners swinging in the clouds hundreds of feet above the tall skyscrapers, and consequently have some idea of the size of the signs which can be handled in this way.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty with which the company has had to deal in its business has been that of attracting the attention of the people on the streets to its floating banners. Street crowds rarely look up. They are busy watching trucks and cable trains and dodging pedestrians coming in the other direction.

If one man happens to catch a glimpse of the sign in the sky and stops to look at it he will immediately attract a crowd, and thereafter there is no trouble about securing an audience. But a corporation cannot depend on a chance of this kind in talking to advertisers, and consequently they have adopted a new plan and provided a new occupation for men who don't like to work hard.

In the language of the street the kite company has hired a corps of "rubber-necks," and turned them loose on State and other crowded streets. These men walk down the streets in couples. They stop at each corner, and pointing upward at the floating sign call attention to it in a way which attracts other people. At once a crowd gathers and the professional "rubber-necks" move on to the next corner, where they repeat their performance.

"A couple of us can cover a good share of the downtown district in a day," said one of the fraternity yesterday. "We make our \$1.50 out of it, and it's certainly better than working on water pipe extension. I don't want any softer snap, though the first two weeks I was at it I had a crick in my neck all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

When Language Failed.

Teuton met Teuton in the office of the United States Civil Service Commission the other day when a German reporter called to ask what appointees to the government service were to sail for the Philippines on the transport McClellan.

"Abund du hundred deechers," said a German clerk.

"Joost laborers?" inquired the reporter, whose ear is more anglicized than his speech.

"No, deechers," replied the clerk. "Oh, for der engineer corps," said the reporter; "men for der public improvements."

"No, for der schools," said the reporter. "I understood you wrong."—New York Post.

Was He Dead?

Old black Kate had been absent from the Parkers' kitchen for some days in attendance on her sick husband, a Herbert Spencer looking individual, whom she never called by any more familiar title than "Mr. Tilman."

One evening Mr. Parker went to see how the sick man was getting along. The unexpected sight of streamers of woe on the bell handle so confused him that when Kate herself opened the door he blunderingly asked:

"How is Mr. Tilman, Kate?" Kate, always serious, was solemnly personified as she answered: "Mr. Tilman, sir, is laid out."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Some men think twice before marrying—then regret that they didn't get a third think.

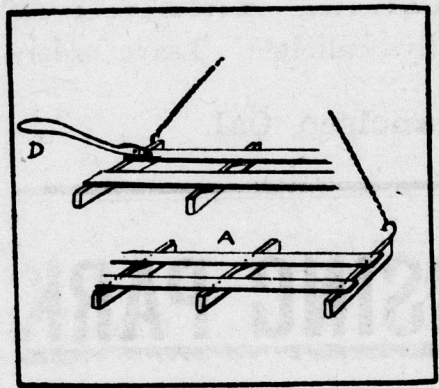


Growing Sugar Beets.

The reports of the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that in the States of California, Colorado, Nebraska and Michigan the sugar beets can be grown of such quality that they can be used profitably for sugar-making. If they can be bought cheaply enough. This also is true of some sections of New York, and a few tests lead them to believe that they also can be grown in Utah, Idaho and Oregon, with a percentage of sugar high enough to warrant sugar being made from them. But several hundred samples tested from Iowa showed that the sugar content fell just short of the average standard fixed for successful manufacture. Of Illinois and Indiana beets the report says, "both the contents of sugar and co-efficient of purity were below the standard." Of Kansas it is reported that "the climate is not suitable for growing high-grade beets." In Oklahoma the conditions are not called favorable, and the chemists report that, on the whole, Ohio is not adapted to growing sugar beets. The department tries to make as favorable report as possible for the new industry, but it has nothing to say about the profit or loss to the farmers, who cannot average fifteen tons to the acre, and must cart them or pay transportation to the factory at a price of \$4 per ton. In this State it would be hard to get a man to load them, carry them five miles and unload them for much less than that after they were grown and harvested.

A Corn Marker.

The cut, from the Ohio Farmer, shows a five-row corn marker. The runners are 1½ or 2 feet long, six inches wide and two inches thick. They are placed



A FIVE-ROW CORN MARKER.

as far apart as you want your rows and two three-inch boards (A) nailed on top. D is a handle.

The driver walks in the last mark previously made and holds the handle in one hand. There should be such a handle on each side of the marker. Use one horse and attach a rope or wire from each outside runner to the traces.

Corn Planting.

Many of the tests at experiment stations have shown better yields from planting moderately early, rather than very early; from planting a larger number of kernels per acre than most good farmers think advisable; from planting small growing varieties in rows closer together than is best for large varieties; from giving shallow and level cultivation rather than deep and ridged cultivation; from planting rather shallow early and deeper in late planting. Other trials have seemed to show that very frequent cultivation does not repay its cost; that it is important to cultivate as soon as may be after rains; that deep cultivation while the stalks are small may be helpful, if followed by shallow culture, says the agricultural column of the Hartford Times. It also adds that the farmer will be better satisfied if he tries some experiments of this kind himself, and tries them more than one season, that he may be sure that the change in method and not the season has changed results. With all of which we agree.

Using Improved Tools.

There is no more reason why a farmer should have to work advantageously with half-worn or cumbersome tools than the mechanic, and yet few of them feel that they can afford the more modern tools. This is short-sighted economy, and particularly so in the case of the heavier implements, which save so much hard labor. One of the tools that should be on every farm where considerable manure is handled is the manure spreader. By the use of the manure spreader the heavy work of hand-spreading is not only avoided, but the spreader breaks up the manure and distributes it evenly and in such form that it benefits the soil equally wherever it falls. There are no heavy lumps here and there and scant supplies in other places, as with hand-spreading.

Water on the Farm.

Drinking water on farms is given but little consideration as to its purity when it is derived from springs, but many farms are supplied with water from open wells, and its purity in such cases depends largely upon the mode of protecting the well and the surroundings. Wells being deeper than ditches or drains, and the tendency of water being downward, much soluble matter gets into the well that is unknown to the farmer. The water may appear clear and pure, be free of odor, and yet contain impurities. Farmers who do not consider the matter have no conception of the many sources from which their drinking water is obtained. It comes from the clouds, of course, but it does not fall into the well, only reach-

ing it after passing through the surface soil and dissolving the impurities. Because the water passes through sand it is not filtered of the soluble matter. If salt is dissolved in water the salt is not removed by filtering, as the dissolved salt will go with the water to the lowest place. If the well is open there may be toads and insects in the water, which drown and decompose. The wells should be covered and the surroundings kept clean, with good drainage in all directions. Driven wells are better than those that are open, and should be used in preference.—Philadelphia Record.

Seeding with Clover.

When clover is sown early in the spring on the crop of wheat or other winter grain, it may cost nothing but the price of the seed, which is not much, whether ten or fifteen pounds is used to the acre, and the labor of sowing, yet we would prefer to increase its cost by going over the wheat with a light or smoothing harrow before sowing the clover seed, says the New England Farmer. This will benefit wheat or rye if done at the right time, when the ground is not wet enough to cause the harrow to sink too deep and uproot the plants. This makes a good seed bed for the clover, and in a day or two after the first rain the little plants will be sending their roots down into the soil.

Selecting Varieties.

If your strawberry market pays high prices for early fruit, large, highly colored and attractively packed, it would be foolish for one to raise mainly the mid-season sorts and market them unattractively. If potatoes bring good prices and cabbages are a drag, don't raise cabbages. If white eggs are wanted, don't keep fowls that lay brown eggs, and vice versa. On the other hand, if the best market is for the carcass, keep Plymouth Rocks for this trade and use the brown eggs at home if they cannot be sold for a fair price. In short, all along the line, raise what the market demands and do not try to educate the public to some article it does not want, simply because it seems the best article to you.

Renovated Butter.

Renovated butter is several degrees worse than oleomargarine, in our opinion, which is based on actual knowledge of the processes by which the two are made. We have said and repeat that between the two frauds we greatly prefer oleomargarine because it cannot possibly be made of more uncleanly materials than are used in making process butter, and very often is made in a cleanly manner from materials that, in themselves, are not unwholesome.

The extent to which renovated butter has influenced the markets of the country is not fully appreciated or there would have been a stronger demand for its regulation long before this.—Dairy and Creamery.

Hay and Corn Fodder.

Reports from the Western States now seem to indicate a larger acreage of corn planted this year, and possibly more of the meadows broken up and put in the corn crop, but as these will probably be those which yield the least hay, the increased use of the corn shredder may make hay more abundant in our market another winter, if the season is at all favorable. When all the corn-growing sections save and shred their fodder, or put it into silos, they can either keep more stock or sell more hay. As the market is now, the fodder would seem most profitable if stockers and feeders do not cost too much.—American Cultivator.

For Rolling Small Seed.

No garden is complete without a roller for hand use. Small seeds come up better if rolled after planting. A nail keg may be fitted with an axle from an old fence rod or piece of old shafting and attached to the handle of a push-cart, or the handle may be quickly made to order. Stones inside the keg will give needed weight.—Farm and Home.

Farm Notes.

Nothing cures a dog that kills sheep so quick as a shotgun.

Plenty of clover will go a long way toward making a farm profitable.

A cow that is well cared for is a source of comfort and profit to her owner.

Bee-keepers should develop a home market rather than send their products to a city market.

In these days of close competition every farmer must give the closest attention to every detail.

There is no longer any profit in making butter that cannot be classed among the best grades.

The man who owns ten or more cows and is without a separator is standing in his own light.

It's poor policy to compel animals to drink water that the farmer would not think of touching himself.

When in the natural state poultry live on seeds, grass and insects. Try to follow this as nearly as possible when feeding them.

Many a failure in the vegetable garden is caused by poor seed. Purchase whatever seed you may require from reliable dealers only.

The farmers who are successful are those who never lose sight of the fact that the farm is a home; that everything done toward beautifying and improving the place is enhancing its value.

Plant a grape vine wherever a place can be found for one. Grapes can be had in abundance, and the vines take but little room if they are planted where they will not be in the way of anything else.

SOME ENTERTAINING TRICKS

GIVEN a bottle and a cork a size smaller than the bottle's neck, to blow the cork into the bottle. This problem appears so easy that we are all prepared to attempt the solution. But the result is rather unexpected, for the cork, instead of flying into the bottle, is driven out by the compression of air



To tuck one's hand under the arm, then place the thumb in the palm, is a difficult feat. The second figure shows the act of blowing the cork into a bottle.

inside, and hits us smartly in the face with a violence in proportion to the lung power expended.

Those who are fond of posing their friends with similar simple problems may be able to turn to account the collection here made, and show that our capacities are in many unsuspected little ways more limited than we imagine.

Many men pride themselves on their muscular strength. Let a lady place the tips of her forefingers together, keeping her elbows on a level with her shoulders, and challenge any gentleman in the room to separate them by a fair pull. Unless she be unusually weak, or he be very strong, he will probably fail; and his discomfiture may be fitly followed up by the invitation to move her hand from her head or her middle finger from the tip of her nose.

The Hercules who can toy with heavy weights should be asked to break with his middle finger a stout wooden match placed across the roots of the first and third finger nails. The arm must be held level from the shoulder.



Try to remove a lady's hand from her head—it requires more than the average amount of strength.

der, and the fingers kept quite straight. Even a slight curvature gives sufficient power to break a much stronger thing than a match; but we place great faith in the wooden splinter to resist all efforts if the conditions be properly observed.

Paper is a tougher substance than would be inferred from the ease with which a sheet can be torn. But roll a sheet of note paper into a cylinder and exert your whole strength to pull it to pieces. Here the chances are very much against you.

Another edifying experiment is as follows: Two persons face each other. The one places his fists on top of one another and strives to keep them there while the other (by preference a lady) strikes them sharply with her forefingers, taking care that each finger is applied to the corresponding fist of her opponent. The fists fly apart as if by magic, because the muscles cannot act in two ways at once, and while exerting pressure upward and downward are at the mercy of a smart lateral blow, unless—and a man can safely risk the strain—the lower thumb be secretly inserted into the upper hand and held there firmly.



Even Sandow would find it difficult to prevent his fists flying apart.

It is a venerable superstition that an egg cannot be broken between the hands. As the total number of those who have put this to the test is very problematical, there is a great chance for some one to make the experiment in full assembly, and prove to a skeptical world what is the structural power of an egg. A fresh egg would, for obvious reasons, be the safest variety to try with. And there is really no reason why the most timid should not next summer take an egg out to sea when bathing and squeeze it under water, where there will be small danger of spoiling clothes.

But this by the way. A cleaner experiment requires only a piece of strong thread long enough to pass twice round a man's hands and hips, the hands being held palms inwards against the side of the thighs. We very much doubt

whether he will be able to break the thread with an extending movement of his arms if the thread be passed over the middle joints of the fingers. Should he succeed, let him with the thread attach the ferule end of a walking-stick to something firm, and, holding the stick at arm's length by the handle, try to break the thread. The stick must not be pulled towards the body.

Yet a third test, this time with cotton, the place of the stick being taken by an ordinary luggage-label, which is to be held between the fingers (the thumb must not be used) and pulled. It is more likely that the label will slip from the fingers than that the cotton will give way.

Turning to a different class of experiments, we invite our readers to write on a blank circle of paper the figures exactly as they appear on a clock-face. The circle must not be turned round as the fingers are added, begin at twelve and work honestly round to it again. We have all consulted the clock hundreds of times, and we ought, from sheer familiarity, to be able to make short work of this puzzle; but our eyes are in some ways very blind, and before the circuit is complete we shall probably be in trouble.



To separate a lady's finger-tips requires the strength of a Hercules.

Put a coin on the edge of a table and, with one eye closed, walk quickly up to it and knock it off the table. You are more than likely to miss it altogether, because a single eye is a bad guide of distance. The difference of angle at which each eye sees an object gives us the idea of solidity and the power of guessing that object's position. Hence the solid effect of a stereoscopic picture taken simultaneously through two lenses as far apart as the human eyes.

Next procure a silk hat (a friend's is as good as any one else's), and see if anybody present can throw ten out of a pack of cards into it from a distance of eight feet. It is amusing to note how the cards fly straight for the hat, and in the last few inches twist aside and fall anywhere rather than within the brim. Like the bad sporting shot, you may have a better chance if you don't aim in the right direction.

After having tried to move your hands simultaneously different ways, go and stand tightly in the corner of a room. Then raise the outside leg, and



It is not so easy to throw cards into a hat as it may appear.

If you can, keep your balance. The center of gravity, as the scientists say, is upset. And you will find the same thing when you lie flat on the floor and try to rise up without raising the heels. And you get it again if you stand with your back to the wall and your heels three inches up the wainscoting and try to pick up a wineglass set between the heels. By-and-by, before putting the wineglass away set it on a low table and, keeping your hands behind you, pick it up with your teeth. Most people, especially those blessed with long noses, find this feat difficult unless they are wide-awake enough to go for the farther edge of the glass. Not, of course, that we hint anything Wellingtonian about the unsuccessful.

A few experiments with the fingers. First place your hands palm to palm and the finger-tips touching, and separate any pair of fingers half an inch. Then, turning the middle fingers inwards so that the third joints touch, try to separate the third fingers. And finally, tuck a hand under an armpit and try to get the thumb into the palm. This is well calculated to teach you that the wrist muscles are sensitive.

We can strongly recommend the following for the smoking room. Offer a wager that no one will cut a cigar-silk clean through with a sharp knife. Any one who takes you up imperils his money badly, for the knife ninety-nine times out of one hundred cuts all the strands but the last, which frays out uninjured by the blade and leaves you the winner.

We keep for our last a feat which, while apparently of the simplest, is a physical and scientific impossibility. Take a cotton-reel and remove the la-

bels from the ends. Center a cent on one end and stick three pins into the woods so that the coin can easily fall forwards but not slip sideways. Then, holding the reel in the left hand, blow into the central hole. The harder you blow the tighter the cent sticks.—Archibald Williams in the Strand Magazine.

WHY HIS STOVE WOULDN'T HEAT

Uncle Billy Had a Novel Plan to Keep Down His Coal Bills.

That ignorance is bliss and that the loftiest men should be the humblest are two somewhat irrelevant axioms which often are most interesting when traced to their remote point of conjunction.

"Out in the cemetery the other day," a matter-of-fact elderly man remarked: "I noticed that Uncle Billy's tombstone needed straightening up. A touch would do it, and as I pulled it into position I couldn't help smiling. Now I was not smiling at the crooked tombstone, but at an early recollection—an episode in connection with this same Uncle Billy."

"He was a fine man and a power in his community, but he had been frugally reared—all our first settlers had to make economy a science, you know; and even after Uncle Billy had grown wealthy in the wholesale dry-goods business, he still practiced the most rigid methods of saving, by which he had accumulated money. I was a clerk in a stove store, as we used to call them, when he was quite an elderly man. A bachelor he was and had a spinster sister, Aunt Sarah, for his housekeeper."

"Well, he bought a new stove from us, a fine library stove—no furnaces at that time in the ordinary homes in this city. In a day or two he dropped in to complain that the stove wouldn't work—didn't throw out enough heat to warm a cat. He was droll—Uncle Billy was—but he had a fine, courtly bearing, too. The firm sent me out to his house to see what was the matter with that stove. At the door Aunt Sarah met me and said in a low tone: 'William, if you will make your Uncle William take a peck of bricks out of that stove I think it will hold coal enough to warm the room.'"

"Sure enough, the stove was half-full of bricks. It was Uncle Billy's frugal idea that all stoves held too much coal for their own good, and that he could cut down his coal bills by a deep layer of bricks in the bed of the stove. I took them all out, of course; he blinked painfully as I did so. Then I made a rousing fire and Aunt Sarah soon had to open a window to cool the room."

"Another nephew inherited the bulk of Uncle Billy's wealth," said the matter-of-fact man, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I see his name now and then in Boston's most fashionable social register and hear of his elegant seaside cottage life and I wonder—yes, I do wonder how he would feel if he knew of Uncle Billy's scheme to save money for him by burning bricks."

PRaise for Teamsters.

Theirs Is a Hard and Disagreeable Work.

"Talk about hard work and patience," said a bookkeeper who ought to have been a preacher, "you ought to sit where I do all day long and notice what goes on outside of warm, comfortable offices. Every time I look up from my books a teamster is going by on the street; and let me tell you, gentlemen, there is no class of men in the business world who are more exposed to the weather and bear their hardships with more patience."

"Day in and day out I've watched them—all kinds, from the boy who drives a grocery wagon to the coachman on the box. Yes, he's a teamster, too, and I repeat what was just said—they can teach patience to the rest of us. With heavy loads, weary or obstreperous horses, rough or slippery roads or street pavements, nine out of ten are the men for the occasion, and pull through their day's work with fidelity to duty and credit to themselves."

"All winter I've watched a steady stream of teamsters hauling cross-ties over to some railroad yards. The loads have been heavy, and the men have had to go slow—slow enough to freeze on their wagon seats, one might think. In most cases the sturdy horses have not been driven out of a walk, and I've marveled at the endurance and patience of the drivers."

"No out-of-door job is an easy one in our Northern winters," concluded the bookkeeper, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and riding for hours on a heavy, springless wagon, going forward at almost a snail's pace, must test the mettle thoroughly."

Snuff-Taking in America.

It has been a widespread impression that snuff-taking had been almost abandoned in this country, or that the number of men and women who still adhere to this old-time habit was absurdly small. Yet the chief snuff company of America, in its annual report, showed net earnings of more than \$1,000,000. The great persons of the earth do not now exchange gifts of gold snuff boxes studded with diamonds, as they did when the First Napoleon was the autocrat of Europe, but the use of tobacco in every imaginable form of indulgence still knows no bounds.—New York Tribune.

In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement Dane's Chapel.

Young man, if in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.

Mind your own business—unless you are able to employ a private secretary.



One touch of humor makes the whole world chin.—The Schoolmaster.

"What do you do to cure your boy when he has a bad cold?" "I tell him he can't go skating unless he stops coughing."

Teacher—Can anyone tell any remarkable fact about George Washington? Tommy—He was never caught in a lie.—Life.

Wife—Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind. Doctor (who knows Benjamin)—Don't trouble about that; he can't go far.

A Choice. "I wonder what Patrick Henry would say if he lived in Cuba to-day." "Oh, 'Give me Liberty or give me Annexation!'"—Ex.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?" "Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"He proposed to her as a joke." "Yes?" "Well, she accepted him. He does not regard himself as a humorist any more."—Brooklyn Life.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives? He—Yes, and how many more men owe their wives to their success in life.—Life.

Physician—This is the worst case of indigestion I ever saw. "Impossible, doctor! I haven't eaten anything but health foods for the last six months."—Life.

Jaggs—Doctor, my wife has insomnia very bad. She often remains awake until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her? Doctor—Go home earlier.—Tit-Bits.

Lucie—I always give the prettiest embroidered things I do to my mother. Marie—That is kind and thoughtful of you. Lucie—Yes; then I can borrow them, you know.

Her Husband. "Is your husband a good provider?" asked the sympathetic visitor. "Indeed he is, mum. He got me three new places to wash last week."—Youth's Companion.

Barber—That's strange. You say you have been here before. I don't seem to remember your face. Victim—Probably not. You see, it has all healed up now.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"You say you never gossip?" "Never," answered Miss Cayenne. "When I feel disposed to hear my neighbors discussed I merely mention a name and proceed to listen."—Washington Star.

First Bulgarian Bandit—The chief has cut the ransom to \$1,000. Second Bulgarian Bandit—Yes, his idea is to close out all the missionaries on hand, to make room for new stock, I'm told.—New York Sun.

Clerk—Mr. Snipper was in while you were out; he said he'd call again tomorrow. Proprietor—Very kind of him. Clerk—But he wanted to collect a bill. Proprietor—Very kind to say when he would call.—Boston Transcript.

"No one ever got possession of anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mr. Bickers, somewhat pompously. "Quite true," remarked Mrs. B. "I remember I obtained you without any trouble."

A Counsel of Behavior. A conductor said in tone of great severity to a passenger who was making considerable disturbance on a car: "Remember, sir, that you are on a public vehicle, and you must behave as such."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Very Particular. Lady—Are your antiques all genuine? Clerk—Yes, madam, and we so guarantee them. Lady—Well, all our furniture is antique, and I wish to get a genuine antique Louis the Fourteenth carpet-sweeper.—New York Weekly.

Not Worth Saving. Mike (going down a ladder)—Hould on, Pat. Don't yez come on the ladder till O'm down. It's old and cracked. Pat (getting on)—Arra, be alsy. It would save th' boss right to have to buy a new one.—New York Weekly.

Doctor—I congratulate you, sir. You are the father of a fine girl. Subbubs—Oh, my! We'll never raise her. Doctor—Tut, tut! Why do you say that? Subbubs—It seems utterly impossible to keep a girl here more than a week.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Nagget—Oh, what's the matter with you? You're forever finding fault. Mrs. Nagget (sweetly)—Well, that equalizes things; you're forever losing one. Mr. Nagget—Losing one? Mrs. Nagget—Yes, your temper. Surely that's a fault.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Of course, you've read Homer's story of Ulysses and Calypso, haven't you?" "No, I really can't say that I have. There's so many books keep coming out now, don't you know, that I just simply don't pretend to keep track of them all."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"What makes Mrs. Smith so energetic lately? I met her at 7 this morning, hurrying through the street, and saw her going home in a cab at midnight yesterday." "Oh, she's bustling her dressmaker and hurrying her milliner. You see she is going South for the benefit of her health."

Old Lady (from the country)—I'd like to get a pair of shoes, young man. Polite Salesman—Yes, ma'am. Something pretty nice, ma'am? Old Lady—I want 'em good an' stout. Polite Salesman—Well, ma'am, here's a strong shoe, an excellent, strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter. Old Lady—Man alive, I don't want no shoe that's been worn this winter or any other winter; I want a brand new pair.—Puck's Library.

THE OLD HOUSE.

It stands in a desolate, weed-grown garden.
Where once the rose and the lilac grew,
And the lily lifted a waxen chalice
To catch the wine of the summer's dew.
The grass creeps in o'er the mossy threshold,
The dust lies deep on the rotting floor,
And the wind, at its will, is coming, going,
Through broken window and open door.

Oh, poor old house, do you grieve as men do,
For the vanished things that were yours of yore?
Like a heart in which love was one time tenant,
But has gone away to come back no more.
Do you dream of the dead as the days pass over,
Of the pang of parting and joy of birth
In hearts turned dust? Ah, that dust is scattered
By winds of a lifetime to ends of earth!

See! Here by the path is a little blossom.
It lifts to the sunshine a fragile face.
It springs from a root that some dead hand planted
A century back in the dear home place.
Little thought they whom the old house sheltered
That life would fade as the leaves that fall;
They had their day and are all forgotten—
The little flower has outlived them all!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A SACRIFICE.

THE young man stood with his back to the fire and his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.
Mrs. Langley sat on the lounge sobbing hysterically. Her husband, Colonel Langley, strode up and down the room, angrily displacing various chairs and tables, while the boy's cousin, for he was not much more than a boy in years, tried to pacify the trio.
"All right, sir; go your own way; go your own way and be —" The last word was lost as the door slammed behind the late Colonel.

"O, Ted! How can you be so foolish!" said Mrs. Langley, brokenly. "How can you dream of marrying a vulgar, uneducated dancer?"

"Mother," replied the boy, sternly, "I love Madge Baptiste, and whether she be a dancer or a duchess, a millionaire or a retired shopkeeper's daughter, it can matter to no one but myself if I really love her."

The mother recommenced her hysterical cries. The cousin, a fair, pretty girl about his own age, went to him and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Teddy, say no more now, but come with me. Let us think the matter over calmly."

The next evening Gwendoline stole quietly from the house and drove to the theater where Madge Baptiste danced nightly.

It was dusk when she arrived. She sent up her card, telling the commissionaire that her business was urgent. He returned with the information that Miss Baptiste would see Miss Harper for a few minutes. Then she found herself in a small and dainty dressing-room. Clouds of soft, silken petticoats lay here and there. A large jar of flowers stood on the mantelpiece, and the dressing table was covered with silver powder boxes, scent bottles, and "make-up" utensils. Photographs of actors, painters, and poets stood in every available corner; old programs in wooden frames and one or two etchings hung on the walls.

Before a large mirror stood Miss Madge Baptiste arranging her hair. "Ah, come in, Miss Harper. Excuse the untidy state of the room. I think you'll find a chair. Let me see, I don't think I have met you before—perhaps you are a journalist, or—"

"No, I haven't ever met you before," stammered Gwendoline. "I came—I think you know my cousin, Mr. Langley." She felt her face growing red. She did not know why she blushed, but this vivacious, beautiful girl frightened her. She had expected to find such a different woman—a vulgar, ill-bred woman.

"Mr. Langley? Teddy! O, yes, I know him well. So you are his cousin? Pleased to meet you—he is not ill, I hope?"

"No, he is not ill."

"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, we think of getting married soon—at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin, too!" with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."

"I really came to speak about it—about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people—"

"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply from regarding herself in the mirror. "O, I understand! They have heard—perhaps he told them; he said he should. They object—ah? And you?" She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands.

"I am only his cousin—we have been chums always. I said I would see you, and tell you that his father and mother were angry; that he was merely a boy and—"

"Yes, yes—I know—don't go on." She looked Gwendoline up and down. She saw her youth; she guessed the real reason of her visit. "Ted is a boy in years, I know, but he is a man for all that. He is 22 and I am 23. Besides, I am only a dancer, and he is Colonel Langley's son. Please understand I have no wish to marry him—if his parents object. I will tell him he must

THREE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.



The new shirt waists show great variety of style. Many are cut with yoke, but almost as many are without. Some have the yoke both in front and back. The fashionable shirt waist is unquestionably the white one, both thick and thin ones, made in great variety. The plain shirt waist of madras or heavy linen has little fullness in front; some are made with pointed, some with plain yokes at the back, but the majority have no yoke at all. The waists are all made to give the long-waisted effect in front. The sleeves are a little larger than those of last year, and the fullness is arranged at the top to give the broad-shouldered effect.

The more elaborate waists are attractive, and most of them button in the back. They have lace collars, while the cuffs are finished with a little edge of lace and are really nothing but a band around the wrist. All kinds of stitching, tucking and fancy buttons are used.

go away and not see me again. I shall miss him at first, I expect. A dancer's life is a lonely one, you know. She has so few friends, and unless she— Ah, there is the call boy. Well, goodbye—and if I don't see—Teddy—again—say good-by to him—for me."

But Miss Harper had risen, and was holding Madge Baptiste's hands in hers, while two tears ran down her cheeks. "O, don't, please! How cruel you must think me! I didn't mean to—I really didn't. But his mother was so unhappy, and I thought you were—I mean, I didn't dream you really cared for him. He shall marry you! I know he loves you—" and then she burst out crying.

"Miss Baptiste! Curtain's waiting! Hurry up!" yelled a small youth at the door.

"Let it wait; can't come!" replied the dancer, curtly. Then in a soft voice she said to Gwendoline: "Don't cry, dear; you have been ever so kind. I know you meant well in coming. But I don't think I had better see him again; you'll make a much better wife than I—"

There was a suspicious break in her voice. "No, no," said Gwendoline, between her sobs, blushing violently; "I never thought of that—I only care for him as a sister," but as she said it, she realized that she lied.

"Come, dry your eyes—why, I'm beginning now! What a pretty pair we are! Poor Ted! Why here are two girls each trying to make the other marry him—"

"You—you will marry him. Promise! I shall never forgive myself—if you don't. I did not know you were so good and so beautiful—"

"Why, how do you know it now? Perhaps I am only humbugging you." "You are not—I see it in your eyes. You will marry him—won't you?"

"What will father and mother say?" "O, I'll interview them," laughed Gwen, drying her eyes.

"Even as you interviewed me? Yes, I will marry Teddy if you really wish it, but not else. I couldn't hurt such a good little thing as you."

And then both women began to cry again, holding each other's hands.

The manager had to announce that Miss Madge Baptiste was unable to perform that night.

And Miss Gwendoline Harper also announced, in Colonel Langley's drawing-room, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted were quite right to marry each other, and that she would help them through the ceremony.

And Ted kissed her and said she was a brick, and the Colonel hoisted the white flag.

And after it was all over, Gwendoline sat in her bedroom holding a photo of her cousin in her hand. And her tears splashed dismally on the faded portrait. "I hope she will love him—as much as I love him," she said softly. —Madame.

EPICUREAN CHINAMEN.

Their Tables Have the Best the American Markets Afford.

The food bought by the Chinese living in America is often quite as expensive as that of the whites. Instead of living almost altogether on rice and chop suey, as is the general impression, Chinamen, being quite as fond of meat as Americans, buy pork, beef, and chickens. Chop suey is made to sell to curious white persons who visit Chinatown. In the vicinity of every large city where there is any considerable Chinese colony, there are truck gardens devoted to raising vegetables exclusively for Chinamen from seed brought from their native land. These vegetables are unknown to Americans. But the Chinese also consume large quantities of the finer kinds of American vegetables.

The Chinaman has a sweet tooth, also; and in the best Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and other large cities, the best of wines are served to Chinese as well as American customers, together with the finest and most expensive foods. In the average Chinese restaurant in those cities good board can be had by the Chinese for from \$15 to \$20 a month, and these restaurants are largely patronized. As a rule, the Chinamen are compelled to lodge in mean quarters; but in New York and San Francisco there are a number of well-

appointed homes occupied by the families of well-to-do Chinese merchants, which the American seldom or never sees. In New York there is an apartment-house, up-to-date in every respect, occupied by Chinese families. The Chinaman sticks as closely as he can to the traditions and customs of his country, which are strange to the Occidental, and, therefore, a subject for comment and often for derision.—Forum.

HE HAD NO CASE.

The Judge Gives Reasons for Ruling Against the Farm Hands.

Justice does not always frown, for now and then a judge will unbend and illuminate his decisions with the light of humor. Sterling B. Torrey, judge of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Kentucky, is such a magistrate. Here is the decision which he rendered in a suit brought by a farm-hand against his employer to recover damages for having poisoned himself with Paris green, which he was ordered to put on potato-bugs. It was a hot day, and the man had turned back his shirt at the throat, exposing his chest to the poison. The judge said:

The plaintiff exceeded the scope of his employment in sprinkling Paris green elsewhere than on the potato-vines, as his special and exclusive agency was to kill the bugs basking in the shade of said potato-vines; the plaintiff's act in allowing the defendant's Paris green to come in contact with his flesh, instead of with the flesh of the bugs, was unauthorized and ultra vires; the mental and physical suffering of which the plaintiff complains was the result of his own wrong in misapplying the defendant's Paris green to purposes other than those for which he was employed to apply it; and besides, is damnum absque injuria; the plaintiff, in opening his clothes and exposing himself to the Paris green, was guilty of contributory negligence; the plaintiff knew as well as the defendant that Paris green was poisonous. If he did not know that Paris green was a poison, this suit should not have been brought in his name, but by a guardian.

Mr. Evans' Prolific Pen.

While Dr. Seward Webb is traveling in the far West his friends in Vermont are keeping him in mind for the nomination for Governor. It was while he was courting his wife (a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt) that Dr. Webb began his annual visits to the Green Mountain State. To be near her he paid a call upon the late William M. Evans, who owned a fine farm in Vermont.

Mr. Webb arrived at the ex-Senator's house about noon on a very hot day. Luncheon was just served in the dining-room, the table placed almost underneath a large, old-fashioned fireplace. Among other things on the board was a cold ham, stuck all over with spices, which Mr. Evans proceeded to carve.

"Doctor," he asked, "did you ever hear of the — magazine?" "Oh, yes," replied Dr. Webb, "I believe it is something new they have just started over in Brooklyn."

"Well, doctor," continued Mr. Evans, "that magazine has written me to send them something choice from my pen. I guess I'll send them a slice of this ham."—Philadelphia Press.

Milk Kept in Frozen Chunks.

There are but few cows in Labrador. No wonder. The natives procure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, where it freezes and never threatens to sour throughout the entire season. When one wishes any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.

Jefferson Memorial Road.

Citizens of Albemarle County, Virginia, have organized the Jefferson Memorial Road association for the purpose of building a public boulevard between Charlottesville and Monticello, where President Jefferson lies buried. The road will be two miles long, and is expected to cost \$20,000.

Hot Water from Well.

Hot water, steam and volcanic stones are being discharged from a well drilled to a depth of 500 feet in the Colorado desert.

SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Washington Dealer.

The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day—the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the salesroom of Thomas E. Young's carriage house in that city.

The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two liveried footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a horse of the present day.

The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy lilac satin, while the handles and door latches are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the salesroom, never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year.

Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofts the Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

A FEARFUL JOY.

Chief Justice of England a Difficult Man to Talk With.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was very brusque in manner, and to call upon him was sometimes "a fearful joy." A visitor, a Mr. Wilkins, once appeared in Lord Russell's office to ask a favor. The conversation which ensued would be regarded anywhere as sufficient evidence of Lord Russell's eccentricity, to use a mild term.

"How do you do, Sir Charles?" said Wilkins. "I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord—"

"What do you want?" interrupted Lord Russell.

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—"

"Yes, I have your letter," said Lord Russell, brusquely, "and you write a very slovenly hand."

"The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No, you are careless. Go on!"

"Well, a vacancy has occurred in—"

"You are very untidy in your appearance," broke in Sir Charles.

"I was traveling all night. I only—" "Nonsense!" again interrupted Lord Russell. "You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on!"

"Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in—"

"And you are very fat!" interrupted the Chief Justice, irritably.

"That is hereditary, I am afraid," said the visitor, not a little disconcerted by the criticisms of Sir Charles.

"My father was very fat—" "Not at all," said the Chief Justice. "I knew your father well. He wasn't fat. It's laziness."

But Lord Russell helped the man to the position he desired. His bark was often worse than his bite.

Aged Dog Commits Suicide.

"There's old Tige; he's 15 years old, really blind, and a nuisance," said the proprietor of the hotel at Alford, Pa., the other day. "I haven't the heart to kill him, but if some fellow will shoot him and bury him up on the hill, I will give him a dollar."

A barroom lounge immediately accepted the offer, and left for his home to get a gun. Old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine, and went out of doors. In half an hour the man returned with a gun, but the dog was nowhere to be found. A persistent search all the afternoon failed to reveal his presence, and the barroom crowd gave up the chase at nightfall.

Next morning the milkman discovered the mangled body of old Tige on the railroad tracks. He had committed suicide to escape being shot to death.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

President's Estimate of Daughter.

In speaking of his daughter Alice to a friend President Roosevelt once said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skee, shoot—though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Struck Oil.

Ted—What's that peculiar odor about Miss Cobwigger?

Ned—I'm not sure whether she's been riding in an auto or cleaning her dress with benzine.—New York Sun.

Women's Doings.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

HERE is a positive exhilaration to be derived from bringing all one's efforts to bear upon a husband whose business worries have pursued him from the office. There is a genuine delight to fight with the unknown anxieties which his love will not permit him to unburden at home. It brings out all the tact and patience and diplomacy, all the charms and graces of a woman's character to transform a cross, tired, worn-out husband into a new man,—just by a good dinner and a little tact.

But to manage a husband when there are so many kinds of husbands requires more than any other thing a thorough study of your subject. To "meet your husband with a smile," which is the old-fashioned rule for all ills, is enough to make a nervous, irritable man frantic. Look him over before you even smile. Don't sing or hum if he has a headache, or begin to tell him the news before you have fed him. If there is one rule to lay down—which there is not, or if I were giving automatic advice—which I am not—I should say that most men come home like hungry animals, and require first of all to be fed.—Lillian Bell, in Harper's Bazar.

How to Wait on the Table Quickly.

Now I want to call your attention to a little point that facilitates the waiting wonderfully. It is the having of an extra plate. The waitress holds this extra plate in her hand and gives it to the host as she receives the plate from him which he has filled. She takes this to the guest and brings back a plate, which she again gives to the host as she receives the next plate. In this way, you see, the host can be helping the course while the maid is taking the plate to each place. Otherwise he would have to wait until she had returned with each plate. You can see, it makes the waiting on the table much quicker work.

In placing the plate the waitress goes to the right, in serving to the left. A good waitress will hold her hands in the middle, underneath the dish of vegetables, stooping over and putting the dish down near the guest. She holds it in her left hand. Then there is no awkward reaching to the level of your head, in order to help yourself, as is sometimes necessary with an untrained maid.

The Well-Bred Woman.

The best-bred women do not fuss. They take their gowns and their furniture, their jewels and their children as a matter of course. They are unconscious of their veils and their gloves, and they expect every one else to be equally so. If they see an intimate wearing a handsome gown they refer to it admiringly, but they also preface their comment with an apology. Their differences with their husbands are not aired, neither are the domestic upheavals caused by the desertion of the cook on wash morning.

The repose of the well-bred woman is not the quiet of weakness. It is the calm of trained faculties, balanced so nicely that an earthquake may cause a change of color, but will not bring forth a loud cry.

Well-bred women are a boon to the human race. They help the social and professional world to maintain a high standard both of morals and behavior.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Devoted to Children.

Mrs. Frederic Schoff, of Philadelphia, the newly elected President of the National Congress of Mothers, has been prominent for many years in societies having for their object improvements in the laws relating to the care of children. It was largely through her efforts that the new juvenile court law was passed in Pennsylvania, entirely removing children from appearance in the criminal courts. Mrs. Schoff has a beautiful home and children of her own, to whom she is devoted.

Women as Librarians.

A field of work for women which seems specially suited to them is the profession of trained librarians. In the United States there are thousands of public libraries, besides private, reference and college and school libraries, and in all these there is said to be an increasing demand for the services of graduates of library training schools. There are three of these large training schools in the United States which are open to women on equal terms with men.

The Corset Pad.

The corset pad is a heart-shaped piece of silk, the size of a tea plate. It has a double interlining of cotton. A ruffling of ribbon is around the edge. It is worn, point downward, pinned to the outside of the corset to give the low, full-busted effect that is the fashionable desire. There need not be a sachet annex to it; just the pad, which is strictly for improving the figure, and which gives that low-fronted look as surely as does the pointed belt.

The Black Skirt.

"They say" that to be without a black lace skirt this season is to be pitifully poor as to one's wardrobe. It is the black dress skirt, the one to which

the fancy bodice is most wedded. Above all, there is no skirt that may be worn upon a greater number of different occasions. It has, in short, taken the place of the black satin skirt of some years ago and the black tulle of a later period. How to make one's black lace skirt chic and charming and at the same time unlike everybody else is the problem. The material does not admit of much variety. Be the flounces many or few, the general character of the skirt must ever be the same.

An Old-New Coiffure.

Each season as it comes, writes "A Society Butterfly," brings some new styles in hairdressing. This year the most striking novelty seems to be the long, loose curl on the neck. Like most other fashions, it is a revival, and had its birth in the early '60s, when Queen Alexandra came over to England, as the "sea-king's daughter." The curl must come from the back of the neck, be brought forward to the front, be neatly, evenly twisted, and—this is most important—be what is termed a "fat" curl.

Health and Beauty Hints.

To prevent a mustard plaster from injuring the skin mix the mustard with the white of an egg.

For a toilet paste take equal parts of white of egg, barley flour, and honey. Mix well and apply at night.

Mutton tallow to which a few drops of carbolic acid is added will heal sores or any raw surface on man or beast.

The curative value of fruit is becoming more and more insisted upon by those who make a study of dietetics.

A dash of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

Chronic nasal catarrh may often be cured by syringing the nose with warm water to which has been added a little carbonate of soda.

Glycerin and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips of a fever patient.

For chapped hands or lips take four ounces of oil of roses, one ounce white wax, half an ounce spermaceti. Melt in a glass vessel and thoroughly mix.

A nice wash is composed of three lemons, one ounce of ammonia and one ounce of glycerine; put these in a half-pint bottle and fill up with rose water.

The juice of a lemon taken in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective and is better than any anti-fat medicine invented.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails.

Acids formed by the decomposition of food within the mouth are always waging war upon the teeth by breaking down their enamel, and to guard against this evil care should be taken to thoroughly cleanse the mouth at least night and morning, even if it be not possible to do so after every meal.

Grievance of the Soprano.

There won't be nary singin' in the meetin' house to-day.

Which come about, from what I hear, in somethin' this here way:

James Hopkins, who's the tenor, sung a solo Sunday night.

Which them as heard him sing it says was just about all right.

Of course, Miss Smith, soprano, heard 'em sounding James's praise.

An' practiced up a solo for the next succeeding days.

She says: "This tenor singin' may be fine, but I'd admire

To have the congregation know who's star of this here choir."

Now, Hopkins, he gets skeery of the fair soprano's song.

Fearin' fur his reputation if Miss Smith's should git too strong.

So he gets the bass an' alto, an' he says to 'em, says he:

"If she's the hull ding choir, what, I says, is, who be we?"

Then they all go in together, an' consider this an' that.

An' finally tell the parson that Miss Smith is singin' flat.

"As long as she sings with 'em," they say, "it won't be gen'ly known,

But in the church's interest, please don't let her sing alone."

The parson, he loves music, an' not wantin' nothin' wrong,

He fixes up the program so's to leave out Miss Smith's song.

And then there starts a rumpus like a person never sees,

Exceptin' in a choir on occasions such as these.

Miss Smith, she says the tenor's got a voice that's like a fife,

An' the alto's style o' singin' would convulse a crocodile,

An' the bass is mighty lucky, so she tells 'em all, if he

Manages by feelin' round him once a week to hit the key.

"Course that kind o' conversation sort o' mixes matters some,

Hopkins says that Miss Smith's singin's suited fur the deaf an' dumb,

Then she claims that just exceptin' her and p'rhaps the organist,

All the choir could quit singin' without ever bein' missed.

Well, the upshot is the parson tries to set the matter right,

An' gits all the congregation mixed up in a general fight,

Which becomes so comprehensive that along the last week

There ain't left in the whole millin' no two members that will speak.

—Portland Oregonian.

Catarrh

Invites Consumption

It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice.

Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Radically and permanently cures catarrh of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, and more delicate organs.

Read the testimonials.

No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I was troubled with catarrh twenty years. Seeing statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla resolved to try it. Four bottles entirely cured me." WILLIAM SHERMAN, 1030 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

DO YOU WORK IN THE WET?

THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S

FISH BRAND

OILED CLOTHING

BLACK TULLY

SURE PROTECTION

AND

MADE FOR SERVICE

CATALOGUES FREE

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 47

This \$55.00 Machine

for only \$17.00

Greater than the cost

of making is the expense

of selling when high

grade machines are sold

in the usual way through

agencies. All this

expense eliminated here

Hale Bros Inc.

San Francisco.

Money is not all. You can't afford

to trade honor and manhood for it.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness

after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve

Remedy. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise.

Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 861 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Shun the man who is brutal to animals.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

A spring medicine for Constipation,

Impure Blood, Pimples, Sallow Complexion. 10c, 25c.

Prof. Experience gives us lessons

we remember, and he knows how to

charge for them.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon,

or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky

goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole

distributors, San Francisco.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and gos-

sip is the stubb she puts into empty

heads.

Piles of Pain.

Many kinds of piles—itching, bleeding—all

relieved by Cascares Candy Cathartic. All drug-

gists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Unclean teeth are almost a sure

sign of rude living.

The next time you call for a drink try

Gilt Edge Whiskey, because it is pure. All

first-class dealers sell it. Wichman, Lut-

gen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole

proprietors.

Live the life that leads you upward

all the time. Of this one thing be

certain: The more you enlighten

yourself the happier you will be.

Dark ignorance was never truly

happy.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured. 25c a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The absence of the jury from the courtroom for a few minutes, unattended by an officer, was held by the Supreme Court of Mississippi, in the case of Carter vs. State (29 So. Rep. 148), to subject the jury to a suspicion of improper influence, and is an irregularity which vitiates the verdict.

The mere fact that a conversation is by means of a telephone does not put upon the party proving it any greater burden of proof than that involved in the establishing of any oral contract made through an intermediary, holds the Supreme Court of New Jersey in the case of Henderson Manufacturing Company vs. Moore (48 Atl. Rep. 525).

The promise of two persons to take each other as husband and wife in the presence of one who holds himself out as a minister, and who performs a marriage ceremony, followed by living together, constitutes a legal marriage, holds Judge Gildersleeve of the New York Supreme Court, special term, in the case of Herz vs. Herz (69 N. P. Supp. 478).

The rules of a newspaper publisher forbidding his employees to publish any statement reflecting on any one, without due investigation, are held by the New York Supreme Court, Appellate division, in the case of O'Brien vs. Bennett (69 N. Y. Supp. 298), not to be admissible in an action for libel, as bearing on the question of malice, but are only pertinent to the question whether the article was published without proper inquiry as to its truth.

In North Carolina a church member was expelled from his church for voting the Democratic ticket. The persons instrumental in the expulsion were indicted under the statute providing that any person who injures, threatens, oppresses, or attempts to intimidate a voter because of his vote at any election shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. The indictment was quashed by the lower court, and the Supreme Court, on appeal, sustained this action, holding that none of the elements in the statute is embraced in the defendant's expulsion from the church, since he did not suffer loss of property or gain and was not in any way restrained of his liberty or otherwise controlled in the exercise of his personal conduct. (State vs. Rogers, 38 S. E. Rep. 34.)

In the case of Wood v. Gas Co., 61 N. E. Rep. 674, the Supreme Court of Indiana holds that a natural gas company which has been permitted by the city to lay its mains in the streets for the purpose of furnishing the citizens with natural gas, is bound to furnish it to every citizen who makes application therefor and complies with the reasonable regulations of the company, and that the failure of its supply of natural gas is not a sufficient legal reason for the refusal to supply new customers. The court says that the company's powers were granted in consideration for its engagement to bring to the community a public benefit, and that if the beneficial agency shall fall short, it can make no difference in the right of all to participate in it on equal terms.

A Relic of Barbarism.

The time-honored custom of giving the bride her husband's name on the wedding day is a relic of the epoch when woman was a mere appendage. She was an integral portion of the gens or family, now of her father, now of her brother, now of her husband. She had no independent entity of her own. Hence she took over the surname of her legal protector, giving up that of her father. Names were a label indicating ownership, and changed accordingly. This is so true that wherever woman's rights were acknowledged—as was the case among many wild tribes—the child received the mother's name, or the appellation of her gens, not that of the male parent. Thus the head of the family has always bestowed his name on the members, and the first outward sign of female emancipation, when it does come, will be the maintenance by young wives of their maiden names, with or without the patronymic of their husbands. Why should it not be so even now? A wife is said to be her husband's half, very often she is his better half. Is it not meet that this relation should appear in the family name? The dualism of family names is no unheard of innovation. In Belgium man and wife very often used surnames when they bind hands and hearts, and "double-barreled" names are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. They have usually a distinguished ring about them as if they were titles of nobility. Sometimes they are alarmingly long; that, however, is not the fault of the system, but only of the country.

Output of Oleomargarine.
The number of oleomargarine factories in the United States is only twenty-four, but their annual output sells for more than \$30,000,000. There go into it 23,000,000 pounds of milk and cream, 33,000,000 pounds of beef fat oleo, 37,000,000 pounds of cottonseed oil, 11,000,000 pounds of lard, and 11,000,000 pounds of cottonseed oil. The amount of oleomargarine made in the Netherlands is greater, and that made in Germany double that produced in the United States.

As to Silver.

He—So they were married at home, eh? What did you think of the service?

She—Not much. Although I looked very carefully I couldn't find the "sterling" mark on it, so it must have been plated.—Philadelphia Press.

There's no fool like a young fool who tries to act like an old fool.

THE BEAN WEEVIL.

The experiment in bean raising made in the Fernando Valley, has received a check from the prevalence of the bean weevil. I have samples of last year's crop so riddled with this insect that few of the beans would germinate, and fewer were fit for food. This may be a serious hindrance to the business, and may indicate that beans can be successfully grown only as field crops, and away from regions where garden vegetables are so extensively grown, as they are about Los Angeles. The annual clean-up of the bean fields of Ventura county no doubt cleans up also all the weevil, and only pure seed planted each year will keep the damage down to the minimum.

A simple means of killing bean weevil in seeds designed for planting is in place just now. Place the beans in a barrel, and set in a saucerful of bisulphide of carbon on top of the lot, covering the barrel lightly, and leaving the bisulphide twenty-four hours. This is safer to the plant germs than the hot water process, and much more fatal to the insects.—Los Angeles Times.

Most grain is deficient in lime and mineral matters, but bran is rich in nitrogen, carbon and mineral, and is good to feed with grain.

Muscular Soreness.

As the result of over-exertion and exposure to heat and cold, or from whatever cause, may be treated successfully by the timely application of St. Jacobs Oil. A thorough rubbing is necessary. The oil should be applied vigorously for at least twenty minutes, two or three times daily, when all pain, soreness, stiffness will be removed in twenty-four hours. It will also strengthen and harden the muscles. Football players, gymnasts and all athletes will find St. Jacobs Oil superior to any other remedy for outward application, for the reason that its action is more rapid and its effect permanent. Thousands of people all over the world use and recommend St. Jacobs Oil for muscular soreness. A twenty-five-cent bottle is quite sufficient to prove its efficacy. Where muscular soreness is complicated with any disease which requires an alternative or other treatment, the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, Baltimore, Md., will send a sample free on application.

Love in a cottage is better than sighs in a palace.

The druggist who advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for the cure of pain, does you a good turn!

Pain Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Ignorance often gets enlightened by long years of regrets and repentance.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25 cents. *Accept No Substitute.* Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Marrying for money is like selling yourself for life.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, know F. J. CHENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. *WATER & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drug Store, Toledo, O.* Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dark deeds leave gloomy caverns in our minds.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

A spring medicine to purify the Blood. They Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

Remember that your editor is a live human creature, not an iron machine. He must have food and raiment and somewhere to lay his head. He must pay his rent or get kicked out into the street. Remember to pay your editor as he pays others.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up.

Like Bogies Like. driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life.

The Sin of the Parent. If it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let



Mrs. Carrie Belleville.

your lives be sacrificed when a word of advice at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Address a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn, Mass., and you will not be disappointed.

When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to the Pinkham advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. Carrie Belleville, Ludington, Mich.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Hens fed alike will all lay eggs that taste alike.

Hardy, wide rangers, those clean of limb and with small combs, are best on the farm.

Confinement and idleness often generate vicious habits, like egg-eating or feather pulling.

The egg contains almost all of the constituents of the human body, hence a variety of feed is needed.

Hens require and must have carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shells, so give them all they want.

Three things kept in the henhouse keep the profits down: Over-crowding, over-feeding, and over-run with lice.

A standard variety of poultry well cared for in every way can be made more valuable than a dozen kinds neglected.

It cannot be too often repeated that if it is worth while to have any fowls at all, it is worth treating them properly.

Sunshine and pure water are needed by the hens at all times. They do not cost much and should be freely provided.

In buying eggs for breeding purposes it is important that the seller, as well as his stock, scores high. A word to the wise is sufficient.

As a table fowl a good fat duck ranks among the best, and for this reason they are never a drug on the market, but readily sell at good prices.

Practical and experienced breeders contend that fresh cut bone should be fed freely and regularly. While it should be generally mixed with other food it can be fed by itself for a day or two when a change in ration is desired.

A tight house is an absolute necessity to keep the fowls from getting the roup from drafts. No ventilator was ever invented that would by natural means let in the fresh air and keep the cold out at the same time.

If you are too stingy to provide a suitable shelter for your poultry, just see what you would really think of yourself if you were somebody else. We are apt to think that poultry are of little or no account.

EXPERIMENTATION.

Negotiations are now under way to secure more thorough investigation of the habits, remedies and extent of distribution of the red spider. It is probable that the University of California will send an investigator into one of the afflicted regions within a few weeks to give a more scientific examination to the pest than has been possible heretofore. It now seems certain that the red spider has become a permanent enemy of vegetation in Southern California, and equally so of some of the fruit counties of the north. At present it is second only to the black scale in damage to the citrus fruit industry.—Los Angeles Times.

When sheep are selected for sale, no matter whether to be sold on the farm or sent to market, they should be classed as evenly as possible as to quality. A flock of even quality sheep will sell with ease at market value, while if they have to be sorted out, they will not be so easy of sale, neither will the average price obtained be so good.

The King and the Seidlitz Powders.

On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty.

With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi lasts the monarch rose, stared, exploded and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurring like 10,000 penny-worths of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—Indian Mirror.

A King and a Miller.

Every reigning member of the Hohenzollern dynasty has been noted for his sense of fair play in dealing with his subjects.

It is said that the Emperor Frederick the Great was greatly annoyed by the presence of a flour mill that stood close by one of his palaces in Berlin.

The miller refused to sell his mill and insisted that he should retain possession of it as long as he lived. The emperor stormed at him without avail and finally threatened to drive the miller out by force and confiscate his property.

The dauntless miller replied to his threat by saying, "There are still judges in Berlin, your majesty."

This reply, which has since become famous throughout Germany, impressed the emperor so favorably that he withdrew both his threat and his request, and the flour mill is standing to this day.

Taking It Coolly.

The ship of an admiral who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost, and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the disaster to his father, who merely exclaimed, with Spartan coldness and brevity, "That's the second ship he has lost."

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With Catarrh of the Stomach—Pe-ru-na Cured.



Congressman Botkin, of Winfield, Kan.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman Congressman Botkin says: "My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure."—J. D. Botkin.

Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from catarrh of the stomach, and dyspepsia. I tried many physicians, visited a good many a sanatorium, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."—L. F. Verdery.

The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This is generally known as dyspepsia. Peruna cures these cases like magic.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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